Haue you ſo ſlander any moments leiſure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your waies.
Ophe. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The aire bites ſhroudly, it is very cold.
Hora. It is nipping, and an eager aire.
Ham. What houre now?
Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelue.
Mar. No, it is ſtrooke
Hora. Indeed; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the ſeaſon.
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walke *A flouriſh of Trum-*
What does this meane my Lord? *pets, and two Peeces goes off.*
Ham. The King doth walke to night and takes his rowſe,
Keeps waſſell and the ſwaggering vp-ſpring reeles:
And as he draines his draſts of Rheniſh downe,
The Kettle Drumme and Trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hora. Is it a cuſtome?
Ham. I marrie iſt,
But to my mind, though I am natiue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a cuſtome
More honourd in the breach, then the obſeruance.
This heauie-headed reuell East and Weſt
Makes vs traduc'd and taxed of other Nations,
They clip vs Drunkards and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soile our addition, and indeed it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious moſe of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guiltie,
(Since nature cannot chooſe his origen)
By their ore-grow'th of ſome complexion
Oft breaking downe the Pales and Forts of Reaſon,
Or by ſome habit that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plauſiue manners, that theſe men
Carrying I ſay the ſtampe of one defect

Rein-

1 slaunder — moment 9 twelfe 14 wake
24 reueale 25 had not 30 chaunces — particulr
33 origin

5 particul
29 beckin